

THE CHILDREN'S PAPER

December 1920.

Price TWOPENCE Net.



A Christmas Basket.

T. NELSON AND SONS, LTD.

"My First Book" Series

2s. net each.

NEW TITLES:—

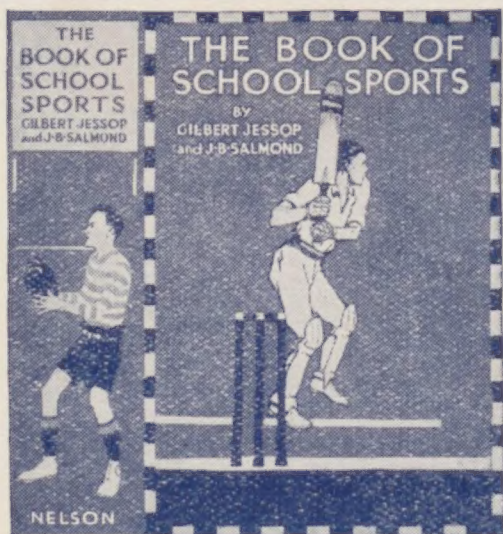
MY FIRST BOOK OF ALL.
MY FIRST BOOK OF ANIMALS.
MY FIRST FAIRY STORY BOOK.
MY FIRST NURSERY RHYME BOOK.
MY FIRST BOOK OF BIRDS.
MY FIRST BOOK OF GEOGRAPHY.
TINY TOTS' FIRST BOOK.

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, Ltd.
LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

FOR BREAKFAST & AFTER DINNER.



THE BOOK OF SCHOOL SPORTS.

By GILBERT JESSOP and
Captain SALMOND. **6s. net.**



NELSON'S NEW GIFT BOOKS.

THINGS TO MAKE. **6s. net.**

By ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS.

A new volume in the "How It Works" Series.
Fully illustrated.



ARTHUR PECK'S SACRIFICE

By GILBERT JESSOP, the Famous Cricketer. A
School Story. **6s. net.**

PEGGY'S LAST TERM. **6s. net.**

A Delightful Story of Girl Guides. By ETHEL TALBOT.
Illustrated by C. E. BROCK.

GIRLS OF ST. AUGUSTINE'S

A Spirited Yarn of School Life. By H. M. IRONSIDE.
Illustrated by C. E. BROCK. **6s. net.**

T. NELSON & SONS, Ltd., London and Edinburgh.

THE CHILDREN'S PAPER



THE PRINCESS AND THE SWINEHERD. *See page 231.*

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD., LONDON, EDINBURGH, AND NEW YORK.

Muriel goes to a Party.

BY MABEL QUILLER-COUCH.

MURIEL felt sullen, and looked sullen; she was thinking to herself that of all the objectionable customs of grown-ups, the most objectionable of all was that of telling one "to go and make friends" with some one one has never seen before. But there, everything was objectionable this Christmas.

To have to spend her holidays with an old uncle and aunt she scarcely knew was bad enough, but to find no preparations made, no plans for giving her a good time—no anything, in fact, but long dreary days, broken only by calls of visitors, all as dull as Aunt Sarah herself—was really more than any girl could stand; and then to be told to "make herself pleasant" to a kid younger than herself!

"I simply won't," she declared angrily; "I don't feel pleasant, and I am not going to be a fraud!" So she sat and glowered at her aunt and Mrs. Malcolm, and, last of all, at Angel, the unfortunate "kid."

To her surprise, the unfortunate "kid" was looking at her with sparkling eyes, her face full of eagerness. "I suppose she thinks she must live up to her ridiculous name," thought Muriel scornfully, and looked quickly away.

Something, though, drew her eyes back again to Angel's bright face; and this time she was even more surprised, for, in spite of her rebuff, Angel was nodding and beckoning to her meaningly. Muriel only stared discoura-

gingly; she would not speak, and she would not smile. At last Angel leaned across to her and spoke. "Will you show me the flowers in the conservatory?" she asked.

"Of course—if you wish; but there is nothing worth looking at," she added, a little less grimly, feeling really slightly ashamed of herself.

"I do wish—very much," declared Angel even more eagerly, and almost hurried her across the room. "Oh," she gasped when they had got inside, "I thought I never should be able to speak to you, and I did so want to. I have been longing to ask you to come to my party to-morrow night. Mother is going to ask your aunt. Would you like to come if she says you may?"

"A party!—like to—oh!" It was Muriel's turn to be eager now. "Do you really want me? I—I have been such a pig—so horrid, I mean. If Aunt Sarah had not told me to make myself pleasant——"

"I know," said Angel understandingly. "I should have felt just the same; but I was longing to tell you about it, and to ask you to come. A lot are coming, and I think it will be great fun."

"How lovely!" Muriel broke off abruptly; a flood of scarlet spread over her face, down her neck, and up into the roots of her hair. "I—I am very sorry—oh, I am frightfully sorry, but I am afraid I can't, after all. I—haven't a party frock here." She hoped her words implied that she had left several at school, and then in the same moment she felt that she must be quite straight." Somehow with



Angel Malcolm one felt that one wanted to be, and something in Angel made her feel, too, that she would understand. "I—haven't a party dress at all," she blurted out hurriedly. "My people are poor—that is why I am not able to go home."

"I am so sorry," said Angel gently, slipping her arm through Muriel's, and drawing her to her with a sympathetic squeeze. "I mean I am awfully sorry that you can't go home, but I am very glad that you are here and can come to my party."

"But I can't," said Muriel miserably. "If I say anything to Aunt Sarah about a dress, she will say, 'Oh, go in your Sunday frock; you will look neat and nice.' But I simply can't go in brown serge and thick shoes while you are all in silks and muslins, and—and that sort of thing. I would rather stay at home."

"But we aren't going to wear party frocks; that is the jolliest part of it. I was going to tell you. Every one is coming dressed to represent a nursery rhyme; and I am going to be—no, I mustn't tell you. You *must* come."

Muriel's face had brightened again. "Oh, I must!" she gasped, almost speechless with excitement. "I have never been to such a party. If Aunt Sarah doesn't let me, I shall run away and go!"

Angel laughed. "I expect mother will coax her; she is awfully good at that," she said comfortingly.

Muriel cheered up, and began to think of her costume. "I wonder what I can go as," she said anxiously. "May one choose any one likes?"

"Yes, any; the less known the better, because there are to be prizes at the end for the most original costume, and some for those who guess most correctly what the different people are supposed to represent."

Muriel's thoughts went dashing through her wardrobe and the nursery rhymes she knew, all in the same moment. "Little Bo-peep, Queen of Hearts—every one knows them; they would need all sorts of pretty things, too, that I can't get."

The sound of their own names reached them. "That is mother calling us," said Angel, and darted away; Muriel followed slowly. She wondered how she could ever bear it if she was not allowed to go. Her face was quite white when she entered the drawing-room, but Mrs. Malcolm soon reassured her.

"I have been asking your aunt to allow you to come to Angela's party to-morrow night," she said pleasantly, "and she has made us very happy by saying that she can spare you. I hope you will enjoy coming."

There was no room for doubt on that point—Muriel's face spoke for her.

Mrs. Malcolm read what was written there. "I am so glad, dear," she said warmly. "I am only sorry the notice is so short, but we did not know until yesterday that Mrs. Ellis had a niece staying with her. Now we must hurry away; we have so many things to see to, and you will be glad to be able to think out what you will wear."

"What you will wear!" It is not what I will, but what I *can* wear," thought Muriel wistfully; and all that

evening and far into the night she was thinking, thinking, and early the next morning she awoke and began thinking again. "I can't be anything very out of the common. The best one I can think of is the old woman who swept the cobwebs out of the sky; my brown dress will do for that very well. I dare say I can borrow a besom of the gardener, and a shawl of cook or Aunt Sarah, and—oh, but I must have a steeple-crowned hat! Perhaps Uncle Tom has an old one that he can lend me."

Fortunately, when once she had decided upon it, this costume seemed to her the jolliest she could possibly have, and in her eagerness to prepare it she jumped out of bed and was half dressed by the time Mary brought the hot water. "I could not stay in bed," she explained, "I am so excited;" and forthwith poured into Mary's astonished ears all her story of the party, and her costume, and all the things she would need for it.

"I will lend you an apron, miss," said Mary kindly, "and one of the mistress's nightcaps that she has thrown aside."

"Nightcap! what do I want a nightcap for? Oh, I know! The old women wore them under their steeple-crowned hats, didn't they? Oh, that will be lovely! I wonder if Aunt Sarah has a nursery rhyme book? Perhaps there will be other things I ought to have. I have forgotten."

Mrs. Ellis had not a book of nursery rhymes, but she knew more about them and the old costumes than her niece did. "Yes, you shall have one

of Uncle Tom's old hats," she promised; "but the shape will need altering. Leave it to me; I will take off the top, and slope the sides, and cut down the top to fit. It must have a band and a buckle too."

Muriel stared in astonishment. Was this the silent, dull aunt at whom she had glowered sullenly ever since her arrival? She forgot that it is hard to be pleasant to a person who is determined to be unpleasant.

"I think your dress should be looped up to make panniers over a striped petticoat," Mrs. Ellis was saying. "That can easily be done, and I have a new striped petticoat that will do if we run two or three tucks round it. You should have buckled shoes too."

"I can't," said Muriel; "these are all I have, and I haven't any buckles."

"Well, I was going to get you a new pair before you go back to school; we will get them to-day, and choose a buckled pair."

"Oh, Aunt Sarah, how kind you are!" Muriel cried gratefully. She longed to throw her arms around her aunt and kiss her, but she was too shy.

"Run up and put on your brown dress, and then come down to me, and we will see what we can do. We have none too much time. You are to be there at seven, and I do not want you to be working up to the last."

What with one interruption and another, though, it was tea-time before they had done; and after tea the great ceremony of dressing had to begin.

"Every one will guess what I am," said Muriel, as she surveyed herself

in the glass, "but I don't mind that. I would not exchange my dress for any other. Don't you think it is a great success, Aunt Sarah?"

"I do," agreed Mrs. Ellis, as she put the last touches to the white kerchief on the brown bodice. "It is time you were off. Mary shall go with you and carry your broom and hat. You could not walk through the streets wearing that, but you can keep your cap on; if you have a shawl over your head no one will see it. Now try and have a happy evening, dear, and Mary shall come for you at ten o'clock." And with a few more injunctions Mrs. Ellis saw her niece off the doorstep and on her way.

It was dark outside, of course, and rain having not long ceased, the streets were very empty. Muriel and her escort were all the better pleased, for, in spite of her wraps, Muriel was very conscious of her nightcap and her apron and panniers; and Mary of her queer load, for only those who have tried to conceal a steeple-crown hat know how difficult it is.

"Adelaide Street," read out Muriel at last, peering up at the letters by the light of a lamp. "Here we are, safe so far, at any rate. Oh, and look, Mary, there is the house, do you see, with the light streaming out at the door, and all the windows lit up; and—oh! there is a carriage before it: some one is arriving!" Muriel's heart began to beat very fast.

"Let's hurry, miss, and we shall see them going in," cried Mary eagerly.

Muriel held back. "No, we mustn't do that. I am going to wait until the

carriage has turned away;" and they turned back a little way until the carriage had gone and the door shut in the stream of light. "No. 10," she read out, as they approached the house at last. "This is it."

"I thought it was No. 11 that we had to go to, miss," said Mary.

"No, no, of course this must be it—we saw people arriving, Mary," in a very nervous voice. "You must come in with me, and see that my dress is right."

At that moment a footman flung the door wide for them to enter. At the sight of the elaborately decorated hall and the tall, solemn men-servants, Muriel was even more overcome with awe and nervousness. The scent of flowers filled the house; the sound of a band and of voices and laughter overwhelmed her.

"Cloakroom, miss." One of the tall footmen led her down a side-passage to a room full of people and looking-glasses. At the sight of them Muriel longed to turn and fly from the house. She looked about her for Mary, but in vain.

Then by degrees things became clearer to her bewildered eyes, and she saw several girls in pretty evening frocks, girls of about fifteen or sixteen, with elaborately dressed heads and a great deal of manner, and all were struggling to get at the mirror, or at the maid who was in attendance. But one and all found time to look at Muriel, and having looked they seemed disinclined to remove their eyes. Muriel took quite a dislike to them, and when she heard one girl giggle, she felt that



she hated her ; and oh, how she hated parties, if this was what they were like ! She looked round despairingly for Mrs. Malcolm or Angel. A footman knocked at the door, and handed in her besom and tall hat.

"Your maid left these, miss," he said solemnly.

"Then Mary has gone ?" she gasped desperately.

"Yes, miss ; she left these in the hall."

Another giggle reached her, then another, and a ripple of irrepressible laughter. Muriel knew that they were laughing at her, and grew scarlet. She had no idea of the funny little figure she looked with the nightcap frill surrounding her face. Her eyes stung and smarted, but she fought back her tears desperately. She put up her hands and removed her shawl, and immediately at the sight of the nightcap three or four girls vanished precipitately, laughing as they went. Then out of the little crowd a pretty fair-haired girl stepped up to her. "You are in fancy dress, aren't you ? How jolly !"

"Yes," Muriel responded curtly. "Aren't you ?"

"No—o ; I did not understand it was to be a—I wish I had. I have a jolly 'Bo-peep' dress at home that I am longing to wear. What are you ?"

"The old woman who sweeps the cobwebs out of the sky. But I oughtn't to have told you, for prizes are to be given for the largest number of correct guesses."

"Oh, are there !" looking more

surprised than ever. "I did not know. I thought—" But she did not say what she thought, and Muriel went over to the mirror to arrange her hat over her cap. Somehow, though, she felt no pleasure in it all now ; she felt only embarrassed and uncomfortable. In the mirror she saw the pretty girl and the waiting-maid exchange glances, and the latter shake her head ; but when she turned round, the pretty girl came up to her with such a kindly air, she forgave her the glance.

"Shall we go up together ? My name is Clare Wentworth ; I am alone too," and Muriel's heart went out to her in gratitude.

At the top of the stairs a strange lady, in beautiful velvet gown, stood waiting to receive them, and behind her was a crowd of big boys and girls. With a thrill of dismay Muriel saw that all were in ordinary evening dress, and that every one was looking at her.

Then in a moment the truth flashed on her—she had come to the wrong house ! Her cheeks grew scarlet again. The tall hat on her head seemed to weigh her down with its absurdity, the broom she longed to drop over the stairs ; while for herself, she desired only to vanish, to disappear anywhere, as long as she could get out of sight. Her knees shook so that she could hardly climb the few remaining stairs to the lady at the top of them.

"I—I am afraid I have made a mistake," she stammered, putting her trembling hand in the one kindly held out to her. "I thought this was Mrs. Malcolm's house."

"Mrs. Malcolm's ? No, hers is Num-

ber 11; it is on the opposite side of the road. I remember she told me she had a party to-night too. Some one shall——”

But Muriel had fled. She felt she could not endure that fire of eyes, those laughing faces, another moment. Down the stairs she rushed, through the hall, and out and along the street; she did not care where, as long as she got away.

Footsteps sounded, racing after her; then a pleasant but slightly peremptory voice reached her ears, “I say, do stop, please; you are only running in the wrong direction.” Then a hand was laid on her shoulder, and she came to a standstill. “Don’t you know that it is freezing, and that you have left your wraps behind you?” Muriel looked up at the tall, slim boy bending over her, and her courage came back—he looked so kind, and he was not laughing at all. “If you don’t mind waiting a minute, I will get them for you—or—perhaps you had better come back; it is nippingly cold here.”

“I have my shawl,” said Muriel, and for the first time a vestige of a smile broke over her face.

The boy looked her up and down approvingly. “That is an awfully jolly rig of yours. I wish the mater had had fancy dress for our dance; it is ever so much more fun.”

“Yes, it is—at least I think so,” agreed Muriel, her self-respect somewhat restored.

“I will run back and get your things. What have you?”

“Only a cloak-and shawl.”

In less than five minutes he was at

her side again, and wrapping her cloak around her. “I will carry your broom. What about your hat? Shall I carry that too?”

“No, thank you; I will wear it.”

A moment or two later Muriel was face to face with her real hostess.

“How late you are!” cried Angel; “I was afraid you weren’t coming. Do you like my get-up? I am ‘Oranges and lemons, the bells of St. Clements,’” looking down with unaffected pleasure at her pretty gown, with its lemon-coloured panniers draped over a quilted orange silk petticoat. Her shoes and stockings and gloves were all of one shade or another. On her hair was a wreath of orange-blossoms; while from her ears, elbows, and wrists, and all around the hem of her gown hung silver tinkling bells.

“O Angel! I never saw anything so lovely,” Muriel cried, devouring her with eyes full of admiration.

The “Queen of Hearts” came hurrying into the dressing-room.

“Mother, darling, Muriel has come. I am so relieved.”

“So am I. O Muriel,” stooping to kiss the rosy face beaming out of the nightcap frill, “how nice you look, dear, and how perfectly your dress suits you! But how late you are, you fashionable young person! Have you been going, as society ladies do, from party to party?”

Muriel blushed, and looked embarrassed; then for the first time that night she laughed. “Yes,” she said shyly, “that is just what I have been doing;” and amid shrieks of laughter she told her tale.

In the Master's Footsteps.

CHAPTER I.

BETHLEHEM.

THE sun had sunk to rest, and its last gleams of pale gold had faded from the roofs of the low white houses of the little village of Bethlehem.

way, that quiet evening, towards Bethlehem. There were many travellers abroad in those days, for the order had gone forth that every Jew was to return to the town or village where he was born, in order that his name might be written down there. Consequently, many a one had climbed up the steep road to the village that day. The two that came so late were



Below the gray ridge on the summit of which the village was perched, the plains were already hidden by the creeping shadows of the twilight, and then one by one the stars came out and night wrapped its blue mantle around the little village.

Up the winding road, which still shone white in the gathering gloom, two travellers were wending their

humble people and but poorly clad. The man who led the ass on which the fair young maiden was seated was a village carpenter; but they both claimed their descent from King David, and so were entitled to write their names down in "David's royal city."

The journey had been a long and a weary one, and very glad were Joseph and Mary when they at last

climbed the steep village street and found themselves at the entrance to the inn. They asked anxiously if they might come in and rest; but they were quickly told that every room was full, and there was no place for them at all. The innkeeper had found it difficult to make room for much grander and richer people, and he was not likely to trouble himself about these two poor travellers. They might, if they liked, take shelter in the stable, where there was some straw to lie upon, and where the breath of the oxen would keep them warm.

So it was that very night, in a bare stable, that Mary's Baby, the King of heaven, was born. There was no soft pillow to rest His head, no royal cradle in which to rock Him to sleep, no soft, fine clothes for the baby King. His bed was only a rough wooden manger lined with hay. He had only His mother's arms to rock Him, and she had only a small store of linen to protect Him from the cold.

No one in Bethlehem knew that a king had been born that night. No trumpets pealed forth, and no grand illumination marked His coming. Only the stars, His silver lamps, shone down to light His path; and the angels spread their shining wings above the stable to shelter the mother and Child.

But Mary knew who it was that lay so weak and helpless in her tender arms. She needed no new angel herald to tell her that her Baby was the King of heaven. Had she not waited for His coming since that wonderful day when God had sent His angel to tell her that she was to be the mother of the

King? She never thought about the cold, bare stable, the manger, and the bed of hay; she only knew that she held in her arms God's Son.

"Like silver lamps in a distant shrine,
The stars are sparkling bright;
The bells of the city of God ring out,
For the Son of Mary was born to-night:
The gloom is past, and the morn at last
Is coming with orient light.

"Never fell melodies half so sweet
As those which are filling the skies;
And never a palace shone half so fair
As the manger bed where our Saviour lies;
No night in the year is half so dear
As this which has ended our sighs."

Not the Dictionary Meaning.

THE class was having a reading lesson, and came across a strange phrase.

"What is the meaning of *alter ego*?" asked the teacher.

"It means the 'other I,'" responded Jimmy Jones.

"Give me a sentence containing the phrase," said the teacher to the next boy.

The next boy looked at Jimmy Jones appealingly, but finding no help there, blurted out, "He winked his *alter ego*."

Motto for December.

Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report: if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.—ST. PAUL.

Sent in by MARY GUMBLETON,
Huntcliffe, Bexley,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

The Princess and the Swineherd.

A PLAY FOR THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

SCENE I.—The Hall in the Emperor's Palace.
PRINCESS and MAIDS OF HONOUR *play ball*.

PRINCESS. Oh, you stupid, stupid thing! That is the third time you have missed.

THIRD MAID. It wasn't straight.

PRINCESS. What did you say? Of course it was straight; Princesses always throw straight. Now begin again, and remember, after this, the first who misses shan't play any more. . . . There! that was your fault. You can't throw straight, any of you, and after all it's a very silly game.

Enter EMPEROR.

EMPEROR. What is all this about? Playing at ball again, are you? And what a mess you have made! Look at those chairs . . . and the rug . . . and your hair. . . . My dear daughter, you are not fit to be seen. Go and tidy yourself directly; there is a handsome young Prince coming to see you.

PRINCESS. A Prince? Who is he, and what is he coming to see me for?

EMPEROR. He lives in the next kingdom, and he is coming to ask you to marry him.

PRINCESS. Why! That Prince? I shall certainly not marry him, and if he comes I shan't see him.

EMPEROR. You are a naughty, tiresome girl, and it's time you were married. I am tired of your tantrums and hoity-toity ways. This is the sixth prince you have sent away.

PRINCESS. Well, they were none of them good enough: one had too big a nose, and another couldn't speak without gobbling like a turkey, and the rest were as stupid as owls, but this one is the worst of all.

EMPEROR. He is very handsome, my love.

PRINCESS. I don't care! His kingdom is such a little one, and his palace isn't a palace at all, only a plain, ordinary castle with not more than a hundred servants in it, and he doesn't wear a crown. Besides, I don't want to get married.

EMPEROR. But I wish you to. . . .

PRINCESS. And I don't wish to.

EMPEROR. Oh dear! Oh dear! What would the poor dear Empress say if she were alive! (*Enter SERVANTS with silver casket.*) Now we shall see if this won't make you change your mind. This is a present for you, from the young Prince, my love.

PRINCESS. A present! Oh, if it should be a nice little pussy-cat! I want that most of all. Open it! Oh, do open it quickly!

EMPEROR. Gently, gently! You nearly trod on my toes just now.

[The men open the casket, showing a rose tree with one rose in bloom.]

FIRST MAID. Oh, what a sweet pink colour!

SECOND MAID. So delicate!

THIRD MAID. And how prettily it is made!

EMPEROR. It is more than pretty; it is charming.

PRINCESS (*touching the leaves*). O Papa! it isn't made at all; it is a

natural flower—a common thing; there are heaps like that in the garden.

SERVANT. May it please your Highness, this rose tree is not like other roses. It was taken from the grave of the Prince's father; it only blossoms once in every five years, and its scent is so sweet that whoever smells it forgets all care and sorrow in a moment.

PRINCESS. I haven't any cares or sorrows, so you can take it away again; I don't want it, and I don't believe it's anything but a common garden plant. You can tell the Prince that I won't marry him; and if he comes to see me he can go away again, for I won't see him. Now you may go! I am tired of silly presents and princes.

[Exit SERVANTS with casket.

EMPEROR. You are a very rude girl!

PRINCESS. No, I'm not. . . . You are only pretending to be cross, you dear old Papa!

[Enter two other SERVANTS with silver casket.

EMPEROR. Why! Here's another present for you, my dear. Let us see what this is. It may be something you will like better.

PRINCESS. No, no! Wait; if it is another rose I shall send it back at once.

SERVANT. Your Highness, this is a nightingale that our Prince has sent you; it sings more beautifully than any other bird in the world.

PRINCESS. What is it made of?

SERVANT. Made of . . . ?

PRINCESS. Yes, what is it made of, stupid? Gold or silver or diamonds or what?

SERVANT. Your Highness, this is a real nightingale.

PRINCESS. What! An ugly brown thing with feathers and a beak?

SERVANT. It sings most beautifully.

PRINCESS. No, no! Take it away; I won't have it.

EMPEROR. Let us hear it once, my love.

PRINCESS. Take it away at once! And tell the Prince he needn't send me any more presents like that. A gold bird or a silver one that you can wind up would be much nicer. What are you staring at? Take it away at once, or I shall scream.

EMPEROR. My dear child, pray calm yourself! (*To the SERVANTS*) Take it away, I beg of you; the Princess is not very well to-day.

[Exit SERVANTS.

PRINCESS. Nonsense, Papa; there is nothing the matter with me (*a knock*). Oh! If that is another present from the Prince, it shan't come in.

Enter PRINCE disguised as SWINEHERD.

PRINCE. Good day to you, my lord the Emperor! Can you give me work to do in the palace?

EMPEROR. Why . . . yes. . . . That is lucky! I want some one to take care of the pigs, for we have a great many of them. Yes, you shall be appointed Imperial Swineherd.

PRINCE. Good. . . . I mean . . . thank you, your Majesty; I have been looking for work for a long time.

PRINCESS (*to the MAIDS*). That is why he has such a dirty face, I suppose.

MAIDS. And look at his clothes. . . . Ugh!

EMPEROR. There is a little hut, close to the pig-sties; you can have that for a house if you like.

PRINCESS. What do you work at, Swineherd?

PRINCE. Sometimes I make things that pretty princesses like to buy—rattles and toys, and magic pots and pans, and musical boxes.

PRINCESS. Well, we shall see. If you make pretty things I shall certainly buy them; but you don't look as if you could do anything except take care of pigs. I hope you wash your hands before you work.

EMPEROR. My love! my love! You are too forward. Swineherd, you may go to your work.

PRINCE. Thank you, your Majesty.

PRINCESS. I shall come and see your pretty things to-morrow, Swineherd! [Exit SWINEHERD.

SCENE II.—Outside the Swineherd's Hut.

PRINCE at work.

PRINCE. There's a good day's work for you! (*looking at pot*). Aha! my fine, my delicate Princess, you will have to pay for this. I can't sell such valuable goods for nothing. But what proud ways and looks she has! she must be humbled. My castle is not big enough to hold such a grand lady. . . . Well, porridge-pot, she shall pay a hundred kisses for you, neither more nor less, and then we shall see what we shall see; a good many things can happen to princes in disguise.

Enter PRINCESS.

PRINCESS. Swineherd! . . . Swineherd! Don't you know who is talking to you?

MAIDS. He has not any manners!

PRINCESS. What have you got there?

PRINCE. A porridge-pot, your Highness.

PRINCESS. A porridge-pot! What a stupid thing! Have you not a musical box? Stop whistling this moment, and answer me: I can't stand near nasty pig-sties for ever.

PRINCE. This is all I have made to-day, Princess; but if you will wait a moment I will show you what it can do.

PRINCESS. What can a silly old porridge-pot do?

PRINCE. You will see, if you come close and put your finger on the edge of it.

PRINCESS (*with her finger on the pot*). Oh! Delightful! Listen, all of you! The Chamberlain is having cutlets for dinner to-day; the Treasurer, French soup; the Court Herald, eggs and bacon and radishes and tea. . . .

MAIDS. Delightful! charming! How do you know, dear Princess?

PRINCESS. The pot tells me. The Tailor is having roast beef and Yorkshire pudding; the Cobbler, ham sandwiches and . . . Oh, what a lovely pot!

MAIDS (*putting their fingers on*). The Emperor will have bread and milk and honey for supper; the Chamberlain . . .

PRINCESS. Yes, yes, I know. Oh, and listen: the pot is singing now. Hush!

PRINCE. It sings much louder if it is put on the fire.

PRINCESS. I must have it for my own; that is very certain.

MAIDS. Yes, yes !

PRINCESS. What will you take for it, Swineherd ?

PRINCE. A hundred kisses from your Highness is my price.

PRINCESS. That is absurd ; you are out of your senses. I will give you my gold ball for it, and my golden casket, and my ring with the rubies.

PRINCE. A hundred kisses.

PRINCESS. I will give you ten kisses, and you may take the rest from the ladies of the Court.

MAIDS. No, no ; we should not like that at all.

PRINCESS. What are you grumbling at ? If I can kiss him, surely you can.

PRINCE. A hundred kisses from the Princess, or I keep the pot.

PRINCESS. No, you won't ; I must have it. (*To the MAIDS*) Stand round me then, and spread out your dresses so that no one may see. Now count, and be sure you count rightly.

MAIDS. One, two, three, four (*Enter the EMPEROR unseen*), five, six, seven, eight, nine.

EMPEROR. Whatever is all this noise about ? What are they doing near the pig-sties ? I must go nearer.

MAIDS. Eighty-two, eighty-three, eighty-four, eighty-five, eighty-six.

EMPEROR. What is this ? Well, I never !

PRINCESS. O Papa !

EMPEROR. Don't call me Papa again ; I won't have it. I never heard of such a thing . . . an Emperor's daughter kissing a Swineherd ? Off with you both ; I shall have nothing more to do with you.

PRINCESS. O Papa ! I . . .

EMPEROR. Not a word, Miss, not another word. If you are so fond of the Swineherd you shall marry him ; I will have nothing more to do with you ; you are no daughter of mine. March ! March, I say !

[*Exit* EMPEROR.]

PRINCESS. Oh ! . . . Oh ! . . . What an unhappy girl I am ! . . . If I had only married the handsome young prince !

PRINCE. Well, it is no use crying ; you will have to come with me now. It serves you right ; you laughed at the Prince's gifts, and yet you would kiss a common man like me for the sake of a porridge-pot.

PRINCESS. Why ? How do you know that ?

PRINCE. I know many things. Come, get up ; we have a long way to walk before we get home.

PRINCESS. I am not going home with you.

PRINCE. You will have to ; who else will take you in ?

PRINCESS. I don't care. I will starve or die ; I'll do anything, but I won't marry you.

PRINCE. Nobody asked you to ; I won't have you for my wife. Come along ; you shall be my servant and clean my house and cook my dinner.

PRINCESS. O Papa, Papa ! How could you be so cruel !

PRINCE. He won't hear you, however loud you cry ; you have to come with me. Here, take the pot ; I have other things to carry. Now, step out, or the soldiers will chase us.

[*Exit* PRINCE and PRINCESS.]

*THE SERIAL STORY.*Smugglers' Island and the
Devil Fires of San Moros.

BY CLARISSA A. KNEELAND.

CHAPTER XII.

THE END OF THE PICNIC.

WHAT a queer thing life was, anyway! Here, seven years ago, Cunningham had served him, Pearson, low-down mean, and he had retaliated. The affair was between him and Cunningham, wasn't it? It would seem so; but look you, seven years afterwards the blow he dealt recoils on—whom? Himself? No, not by a jugful! On Rose; on Rose and his youngsters—the very people of the whole wide world that he loved and wanted most desperately to protect. If it had only been himself, he wouldn't have said a word, but—darn it all!

Well, there they were coming down. He rose and turned. It was an awkward situation. Really, it would have been easier to stand up to be shot.

It was Marian and Delbert. Pearson drew a long breath, and, throwing back his shoulders, went to meet them.

Marian was first. She held out her hand, all brown and calloused, and her eyes shone at him from under wet lashes.

"Mr. Pearson," she said, "papa has explained it all to us, and—well, I guess I am too happy to lay up anything against you to-day."

Pearson took her hand. He choked a little, but found nothing to say. Then Delbert, the little, slender, nervous, eager lad, stood there, tall as his sister, straight and strong, and his clear eyes were steady and stern.

"Marian is of a pretty forgiving disposition," and his voice was cold and held scorn. "I think myself——"

But Pearson reached out and gripped the hand the boy had not offered him, and found his voice.

"Young man," he said, "I am so all-fired glad to see you that I don't care a red cent *what* you think!"

Marian laid a gentle hand on her brother's arm.

"O Delbert," she said softly, "not to-day, dear, not with papa here to take us all back safe to mamma. Besides—it isn't a parallel case; I know—but suppose Davie had died that day he fell!"

Delbert looked from her face, tremulous with joy, back to Pearson's, and, remembering that terrible day that he had been in some small measure to blame for, he suddenly understood—understood something of what the man in front of him probably had been suffering.

His face softened, and he returned the pressure of the other's hand.

"All right!" he said boyishly. "I guess what Marian says goes. You will have to fight it out with Mr. Cunningham about the launch, but come on up to dinner now. Say," he continued with a wistful eye on the pile of things from the launch, "you got anything to eat in those?—any bread or crackers?"

Up at the wickiup Mr. Hadley sat on a chunk of driftwood and looked over the treasures Esther and Davie showed to him, while Marian and Jennie prepared dinner.

Davie could not remember his father, but he curled down at his feet, and, with an angelic expression on his face, smiled up into his eyes in the sunniest way possible. And every two minutes he would remember some other treasure, and, hopping up, would go to fetch it. His father, watching his little limping gait, smiled at Marian, who shook her head sadly. "Too bad, daughter, but I think mamma will be willing to accept him, even if he is a little damaged."

"We'll throw off a little on his price," said Jennie.

Pearson had brought up the lunch from the launch, and the Hawks fell upon it with the greatest enthusiasm. After dinner they began to pack up those things they wished to take with them.

And, of course, before they left the Island they had to show the old canoe that would not need to be finished now, and the tar retort, and High-Tide Pool, and the watermelon-patch, and everything else.

"I'll bet," said Delbert, "that this place will be more popular for picnics from the Port than the Rosalies for a while."

So Marian left her dishes, the kettle and little dishpan, the knives and forks, and even the glass jar on the table. They put everything in neat order and tied the window down, and put the storm doors in place and fastened them, for though they did not expect

ever to see the place again, they could not bear to think of the dear little wickiup standing untidy and open to the elements.

They took a last survey from the top of the hill and then went down the path, the smugglers' old path, to the pier.

They turned out the little burros, but when they called Jackie, he was nowhere to be found. He had wandered off somewhere with the other burros, as he had done sometimes of late. The children, Davie especially, felt badly to go without saying good-bye to Jackie, but Marian explained that he would probably forget them in a little while, and would be perfectly happy with the other burros, and perhaps would be happier than if they had stayed and made him carry loads for them once in a while. So Davie smoothed out his face, and curled down at his father's feet again, quite contented. Nothing ever upset Davie for any great length of time.

So the launch puffed out of the harbour and round the point, and then Smugglers' was left behind them, and they were crossing the bay past the salt reefs, and now were out of sight of the egg islands, and soon were encountering the big waves that had guarded their prison so long. Jennie laughed, remembering how seasick she had been when they came in. Then San Moros itself passed from their sight, and the life there glided into a closed past.

Already Marian was planning a new and different future.

"Father," she said, "you say you

had to mortgage the home to get the money to come for us. A mortgage is always a hard thing to lift, isn't it?"

"Apt to be, daughter," replied Mr. Hadley, "but after seeing what you children did with your bare hands back on the Island, I am not worrying about a little thing like a mortgage. If you don't like the place, we'll get your uncle to let us in some way on some of that wild land of his up in the mountains, and you can carve out and build up a place to suit yourselves."

The steamer at the Port had unloaded her passengers—those that were to get off there—and had since been busy taking in a nice little pile of cargo. Her captain wished to go out that night, and they were about ready to start. There were a good many down on the pier, coming and going, and the place was lighted by a few lanterns, leaving great spaces of shadow in between their circles of light.

Mr. Cunningham's new launch was just in with a picnic party from the Rosalies. They were unloading shawls and baskets and pails of clams.

"I say, Cunningham," called out one of this party, "is that Beekman's crowd we passed out there?"

"No," was the answer; "Beekman will not be in for two days. I had a wire to-day."

"Well, who in thunder was it, then? We passed a launch out there. If it wasn't Beekman, who was it?"

"Perhaps it was the two men the captain dropped in the Gulf this morning. He said they would be

in in a few days. Perhaps they changed their minds."

"Not much. This batch had women and children. They were laughing and singing—mighty fine voices, too. We supposed it was those new cousins of Mrs. Beekman's from New York."

"No, not they yet, but there comes a launch now. By Jove, there are women in it too."

Out of the darkness of the night and the water a launch came swiftly into the broad light of the stream. A moment they showed clear as in daylight to the crowd on the pier, but that was not long enough for any one to recognize those upturned faces before they glided into a shadowy place not far from the other launch.

People watched the new arrival curiously as it discharged its passengers, but they did not come out of the shadow.

Then one man detached himself from the group and advanced into the light in front of Cunningham.

"Well, Cunningham," he said in a clear voice, "there's your launch."

Cunningham stared at him.

"There's your launch, I say," repeated the other, thrusting his face forward a little. Still no answer from the bewildered Cunningham, who could not imagine what he was talking about.

The newcomer straightened up and placed his arms akimbo.

"I say," he repeated again, "that I have brought back your launch. Launch, man, launch! There—is—your—launch!"

From the group in the shadow came a little rippling laugh.

Cunningham started. It was nearly seven long years, but he had not forgotten Marian Hadley's laugh. He snatched at a lantern, but before he could detach it from its hook, a young fellow beside him, a great stalwart fellow, yelled and began to swing his hat.

"The Hadleys!" he shouted, "the Hadleys!" and threw the hat into the air, but before it could fall he was rushing over, calling Delbert.

Marian, laughing, grasped his arm.

"For Heaven's sake, Bobbie," she said, "take us girls up to your mother before they get here with those lanterns."

Late, very late, that night Delbert sat on the edge of Bobbie's bed and said to him,—

"Now, look here! What I want to know is, how in creation it could happen that, with that bay fairly teeming with fish and turtles, there could be over six years with never a canoe really inside of it, never one within hailing, or even signalling, distance of the Island, though it must be known among the Indians that there is fresh water and an old banana-patch there."

"Simplest thing in the world," said Bobbie, tossing his shoes to one side and peeling off his socks. "All the Indians around these parts know that San Moros is bad medicine for a native. I never thought much about it, but I'll bet on it now that it was those same old smugglers. Probably they murdered some Indians there to prevent their going off and telling of

the place, or something like that. I never heard of the Island, but I have heard the Indians say numbers of times that people who go in to camp there never come out again. They think the farther shores are inhabited by some style of devil or hobgoblin, and I remember now I have heard them saying that in the last few years they have seen devil fires burning there."

"Devil fires!" said Delbert helplessly, dropping his hands to his sides. "Devil fires!"

"Your camp-fires, of course," returned Bobbie; "but if those fellows in the canoes that you tried to go out and intercept—if they saw you at all, that would be explanation enough of why they put up their sails and put off as fast as they could."

To the mother waiting on that far-off mortgaged farm a message went out that night, the last one sent from the office. It contained eight words, and it was followed by a fat, fat letter the next day, which explained that it in turn was to be followed by a party of six just as soon as certain absolutely necessary sewing could be done.

But, after all, the telegram contained the heart of the matter, the sunshine of the whole wide world and part of that of the next world, all on a piece of yellow paper. At least, Mrs. Hadley thought so when she tore it open and read:—

"All found alive and well on Smugglers' Island."

Rules for Competitors.

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules :—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the current number of the paper. The Competition Form will be found on page 240. No answers will be considered unless accompanied by this Competition Form. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one* of the papers sent in by each competitor. Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing* and *neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Aunt Mary," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers will be received later than December 15.

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

Competitions for December.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Competitors must put their full postal address on each competition, and must put a sufficient amount of stamps on their packets before posting; but are requested *not to enclose* stamps for replies, as these can in no case be sent.

In each Competition the Editor offers two prizes.

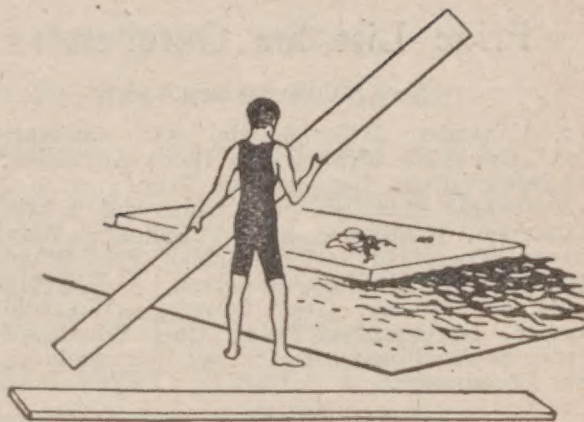
For all Ages up to Sixteen.

ESSAY COMPETITION.

Which would you rather be—a boy or a girl? Discuss the question, and give your reasons. (Paper must not exceed 250 words.)

THE BOY AND THE FLOAT.

Of a number of boys who were bathing in a tank one did not know how to swim. For a joke his companions put his clothes on a float that was anchored in one corner of the tank, ten feet from each edge, in water fourteen feet deep. The boy was in a hurry for his clothes, but he was at a loss to know how to get them. There were two stout



planks lying near, each nine feet and six inches long and one foot wide; but he had no tools for building a bridge. At length, however, without swimming, jumping, or wading, he managed to get to the float and back. How did he do it?

CHRISTMAS CARD COMPETITION (A).

Send Aunt Mary a Christmas card of your own designing, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

Write a short life of Jesus.

For Children under Twelve only.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION.

Tell in your own words the story of Rose Red and Snow White.

JUMBLED LETTER COMPETITION.

A yrmer mshticas ot lla uro sardree.

CHRISTMAS CARD COMPETITION (B).

Send Aunt Mary a Christmas card of your own designing, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B).

Write a short story of the birth of Jesus.

For Children under Ten only.

Suppose Aunt Mary to be really your aunt, and write her a Christmas letter.

CHRISTMAS CARD COMPETITION (C).

Send Aunt Mary a Christmas card of your own drawing and colouring.

MOTTO COMPETITION.

The Editor invites all to enter this competition. A book prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

Prize List for October.

ESSAY COMPETITION.

1. Alexander M'Corquodale, 551 Cathcart Road, Govanhill, Glasgow. 2. Helen Kilpatrick, 169 Bewick Road, Gateshead-on-Tyne.

Honourable Mention.—John Dunn and Edwin Hammond, Kemberton School, Shifnal; Mary Carson, Bloomfield National School, East Bread Street, Belfast; Mary Anderson, 5 Fairyhill Road, Kilmarnock; Gwen Lowery, 5 Westfield Terrace, Gateshead-on-Tyne; Ivy Price and Madge Baylis, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

1. Jim Coulter, 7 Springfield Road, Bangor, Co. Down. 2. Cecilia Voelter, 3 Rockingham Street, Leeds.

Honourable Mention.—William Macmillan, 6 Victoria Street, Alloa; Nell Karr, 18 Carlisle Street, Belfast; Margaret Newman, Rotherfield House, Midhurst, Sussex; Jenny Kidston, 73 Pleasance Road, Falkirk.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

1. Dorothy Knowles, 41 Ella Street, Blackman Lane, Leeds. 2. Ivy Stubbs, Church of England School, Minshull Vernon, near Crewe.

Honourable Mention.—Cecilia Pattison, Green Mount, Bollington, near Macclesfield; Nellie Brooke, 39 St. Mark's Road, Leeds; Nellie Gregory, Church of England School, Minshull Vernon, near Crewe; Marjorie Sexey, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester; Saxon Jenkins, Wenvoe School, near Cardiff.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

1. William Scott, 13 Moncreiff Terrace, Edinburgh. 2. Florinda Fowler, Laleham, Selwyn Road, Eastbourne.

Honourable Mention.—Donald Gould, Gartsheerrie, Shirley Road, Southampton; Winnie Mason, 259 Cardigan Terrace, Gateshead; Mina Crichton, 23 Mark Street, Portrush; Robina Wilson, 164 Auchinairn Road, Bishopbriggs; Jenny Ross, 7 St. Mary's Street, East Wemyss; Kitty Broad, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION.

1. Olive Brown, Doesgate Farm, Bulphan, Essex. 2. Ruby Macintyre, The Manse, Lerwick.

Honourable Mention.—Harry Abbott, The

Laurels, Beacon Hill, Rednal; Charles Richardson, 5 Robertson Avenue, Edinburgh; Constance Hodgkiss, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Gladwys Holland, Blanchville, Rubery; Kenneth Dunn, 53 Thistle Street, Aberdeen.

DROPPED LETTER COMPETITION.

1. Richard Bristow, Ivinghoe Aston School, Tring.

Honourable Mention.—Violet Fiddler and Ada Janes, Ivinghoe Aston School, Tring.

Answer: *Then came October full of merry glee.*
—SPENSER.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

1. Joseph Clay, Kemberton School, Shifnal. 2. Violet Banks, 6 Oakland Road, Dovercourt.

Honourable Mention.—Cyril Jones and Frederick Bennett, Knowstone Church of England School, South Molton; Campbell Archibald, 268 Whitehill Street, Dennistoun, Glasgow; W. Wightman, 118 High Street, Auchterarder; G. Brayne, Kemberton School, Shifnal.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION.

1. Kate Symonds, Church Street Girls' School, Portsmouth. 2. Ruth Lisbona, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester.

Honourable Mention.—Leslie Hart, 30 Granville Road, Watford; Gertrude Wilkes, Mount School, Kersal; Mary Mooney, 43 Duke Street, Glasgow; Margaret Jackson, Kemberton School, Shifnal; Eliza Campbell, 60 Tollcross Road, Parkhead, Glasgow.

LETTER COMPETITION.

1. John White, 20 Esk Place, Dalkeith. 2. Lena Ferguson, 15 Breadalbane Street, Glasgow.

Honourable Mention.—Freda Grice, Homleigh, Holy Well Lane, Rubery; Cissie Muirhead, 2 Caledonian Place, Edinburgh; Rose Croft, Church Street Girls' School, Portsmouth; Annie Jarvis and Mary Pooler, Kemberton School, Shifnal.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C).

1. Bernard Gibbs, New Road, Rubery, near Birmingham. 2. Nora Williams, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

Honourable Mention.—Ernest Cole, 103 Hertford Street, Landport, Portsmouth; James Cathcart, 12 Herbert Avenue, Larne, Co. Antrim; John Wilson, 164 Auchinairn Road, Bishopbriggs; Cuthbert Mardell, Ivinghoe Aston, near Tring; Phyllis Davies, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

CHILDREN'S PAPER COMPETITION FORM. December.

Name..... Age last Birthday.....

Address.....

Cut this out and attach it to any papers you may send in for Competition.



NELSON'S PICTURE BOOKS.

FARMYARD ABC



LIMP TOY BOOKS.

Linen, 2s. net; paper, 1s. 6d. net.

Dolly's Review.	Animal A B C.
Baa Lamb's A B C.	Farmyard A B C.
Nursery Rhymes A B C.	Iron Horse.
Rub-a-dub-dub.	Wee Willie Winkie.
A B C of Toys and Games.	
Little Piggy Wiggy's A B C.	
Podgy and I at the Seaside.	
Podgy and I.	

THE CHILDREN'S BOOKSHELF SERIES OF BOARD BOOKS. 2s. net.

Jolly New Rhymes.	The Twins.
Child's Life of Jesus.	Little Women.
Bible Stories.	Uncle Remus.
Robinson Crusoe.	Robin Hood.
Holiday House.	Puss in Boots.
Nursery Tales.	Rambles of a Rat.
The Little Robinson Crusoe.	
Little Susy's Six Birthdays.	



THE CHILDREN'S BOOKSHELF SERIES. 1s. 3d. net.

Nursery Rhymes.	Bairns' Story Book.
Bairns' Picture Book.	The Zoo.
Funny Fables.	Adventures of a Monkey.
Punch and Judy.	The Birthday Present.
Bed Time Stories.	I Read it Myself.
Wee Folks' Picture Story Book.	
Wee Tales for Wee Folks.	

T. NELSON & SONS, Ltd., London and Edinburgh.

NELSON'S ANNUALS.



THE JOLLY BOOK.

5s. net.

Dear to the hearts of Boys and Girls.

GOOD STORIES.

PUZZLES AND TRICKS.

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.

THE CHUMMY BOOK.

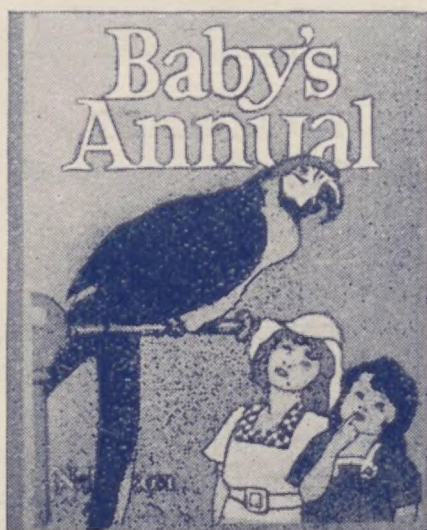
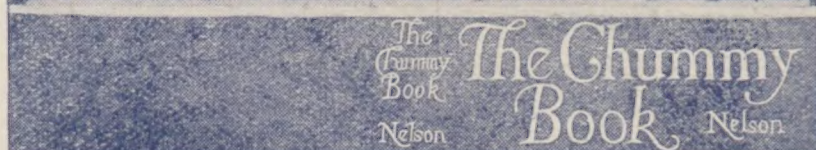
5s. net.

For Little Folk.

LARGE CLEAR TYPE.

LOTS OF FUN.

ENTICING PICTURES.



THE BABY'S ANNUAL.

3s. 6d. net.

A New Volume for Very Small Children.

MOSTLY PICTURES.

... THE ... CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

2s. 6d. net.

A STOREHOUSE OF PICTURES,
STORIES, GAMES, AND PUZZLES.

T. NELSON & SONS, Ltd. (incorporating T. C. & E. C. JACK, Ltd.),
LONDON AND EDINBURGH.